BOY-ED AND VON PAPEN INTERESTED IN NEWSPAPER STORIES ABOUT THEMSELVES

CAPTAINS BOY-ED (LEFT) and VON PAPEN ©AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

Captains Boy-Ed and Von Papen, former naval and military attaches of the German embassy in Washington, respectively, will sail for Germany via Holland on Dec. 21 or 28, according to latest reports. In the meantime they are intensely interested in the developments following their recall at the request by the United States. In the picture, snapped in New York, Captain Boy-Ed is seen devouring a newspaper article accusing him of obtaining a naval report intended only for President Wilson and high American naval officers. The story was later denied in Washington and by the two German officers.

EASE OF DESTRUCTION OF ART TREASURES IN VENICE TOLD BY CORRESPONDENTS

Venice, Italy, Dec. 20—An opportunity to see the destructive effect of the bomb raids on Venice was given today to The Associated Press, when an inspection under official escort was made of the havoc and ruin in the famous old church of the Scalzi, one of the art monuments of the world, now a wreck with its roof blown off, its massive walls tottering, and the famous ceiling fresco by Tiepolo, valued at a million francs lying in heaps of rubbish in the ruins of the building. There have been three bomb raids on Venice, but this was the worst, and the historic church bore the full brunt of it.

Approaching the massive edifice one sees a gaping hole in the roof, extending from front to rear. The facade, fronting the Grand Canal, is intact, and three sculptured figures standing along the cornice remain untouched. But back to the figures the roof sags away in a curved line downward and then up again to the rear wall, as though some giant hand had reached down and torn out the whole top of the church, leaving only the front and the rickety side walls still intact. Workmen can be seen high above beginning the work of salvage and repair, and heavy timbers are being laced across the gaping hole left by the bomb.

Entering the historic church a scene of havoc and ruin is presented—twisted beams and arches, panels and columns of alabaster crushed into bits and lying around in heaps, the richly carved pulpit blown to pieces with only a faint outline of its former wonders remaining, and above, the roof wide open to the sky, with the wonderful frescos of Tiepolo dumped in huge masses of debris on the stone pavement. Faint edges of the grand old frescos still cling to the side walls, giving some idea of the beauties of the work torn away. Six enormous arches spanned the edifice meeting in the middle, and giving an intervening space for these frescos. Not a vestige remains of the main subjects, the visit of the Virgin to Loretto, containing hundreds of biblical and allegorical figures, the ragged edges showing only cloud effects and the background with a few figures. The high altar, with spiral alabaster columns and rich decorations, is not touched, and another curious feature is that the electric candles circling the church are undisturbed, the electric bulbs shining as brightly as ever. But with these two exceptions—the high altar far in the rear, and the circling candles—everything is a ruin, frescoed ceiling, inlaid marble sidewalls, sculptures, confessionals, memorial tablets, baptistry, and marble mosaic pavement—all lying about in fragments.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning when the explosion occurred. This was the busy hour, when the gondolas were crowding the Grand Canal, and the Venetians were shopping and marketing. Suddenly a single monopolane was seen in the northern sky, coming from the direction of the Austrian frontier. It was flying very high—about 2,500 meters. People at first did not recognize this speck as an enemy bent on destruction. Soon however, the steam syren at the Arsenal gave a long wail—the signal of warning—and the people scattered to cellars and any available cover. The aeroplane was now in full view, heading straight for the big railway station of Venice, the center of a network of railway connections. Just above the station the aeroplane began to circle round and round. Clearly it was going to bomb the station. But at 2,500 meters height the aim is not good, and besides there was mist adding to the difficulties of a sure shot. Down came the bomb—people could see it fall—but instead of the station it struck square on top of the famous old church. It did not explode immediately as it struck the roof. Instead, it made a clean hole through the roof, and then, shooting downwards, exploded just above and in front of the pulpit.

This internal explosion is what caused the terrible destruction, as besides the flying fragments of the bomb and its shrapnel contents, the sudden expansion of air in the confined interior of the church literally lifted the roof from the supporting walls and blew it skyward. One side of the roof was bent over to the right, the other to the left, beams and arches crashing upward and over, while masses of debris settled down between the walls. The frescoed ceiling had disappeared in an instant. Particles of the bomb dug deep into the alabaster facing the walls, cracking and wrenching the marble pillars and side walls from floor to roof. Even the marble floor, made of huge slabs formed in mosaics, was torn up in chunks. One huge slab of the floor covered the tomb of some of the famous Venetians of olden days, and this was wrenched out exposing the tomb below. The explosion occurred when the church was deserted so that no loss of life resulted.

To the art world the damage to the famous old church is an irreparable loss. Everywhere it was known as the type of the Venetian barque style, and next to the church of Santa Maria was the best example of this style in the world. The fresco by Tiepolo, covering the entire ceiling, was of course, the greatest loss, as next to Titian, Tintoretto and Paul Veronese, Tiepolo was accepted as the greatest of descriptive painters, and the last of the older school of famous Venetian masters. The destroyed fresco was his most representative work, and probably the largest. After nearly 300 years the painting was in an excellent state of preservation, the vividness of the coloring and the great number of figures in the colossal work—nearly 100 feet across—giving it a special interest and value to the art world.

Only by chance, too, is it Tiepolo's work that is destroyed instead of Titian's or Tintoretto's, for these masters are similarly represented on the ceilings and walls of many of the churches and historic monuments of Venice, and while paintings can be removed to places of safety the frescoed ceilings must stay to take the chance of bombs. Ruskin in his Stones of Venice says Titian and Paul Veronese can be judged only by the ceilings of Venice. The sculptures and carvings of the high altar are by another Ventian master, Pozzo, but these escaped serious damage.

Besides the destruction of the Scalzi church, the chief effect of the bomb raids has been near the Arsenal. It is clear that the chief purpose of the raids is to reach the Arsenal and the railway station, the former being the chief defensive work of Venice with large stores of ammunition, while the railway station is a junction for many lines for strategic military movements toward the frontier. The bombs thus far have fallen outside the Arsenal, in narrow side streets, tearing up the streets and riddling the houses but not causing much loss of life. The canals are everywhere, and many of the bombs have fallen in the water.

The nearest approach to the famous Campanille and Dogs' Palace was a bomb which fell midway between the column bearing the winged lion of San Marco and the column of San Theodoro, both on the Piatzza San Marco, but this bomb did not explode. Another bomb fell in the Grand Canal just in front of the Doges' Palace. Both of these bombs, which fortunately were harmless, struck within a hundred yards of the most famous monuments in Europe.

Our First Canal.

The first canal opened in the United States for the transportation of passengers and merchandise was the Middlesex canal, from Boston to Lowell, in 1804. Colonel L. Baldwin, the engineer, removed the first turf Sept. 10, 1794. The canal was thirty feet wide and four feet deep, had twenty locks, seven aqueducts and fifty bridges. The route was from the Merrimac river, near what is now Middlesex village, through the Billerica and Concord rivers to the Shawsheen river, through Wilmington and Woburn to the Mystic river and through Medford to Charlestown.

Until 1836 the canal flourished, but with the building of the Lowell and Boston and the Lowell and Nashua railroads about two-thirds of the business of the canal was diverted to the railroads, and the canal never paid afterward. It was built for $430,000, but in 1859 the supreme court of Massachusetts issued a decree declaring the franchise forfeited through disuse. The ruins of the locks and aqueducts are still to be seen along the route.

Crab Locomotives.

The queerest locomotives are the types used in mining and called "crabs." Gliding into the black galleries of coal mines and halting at a crevice in the wall from which issues the distant ring of pick and shovel, the crab lets out a flexible tentacle (a steel cable) for perhaps 200 or 300 feet, drawing it back presently with a car of coal in tow. Feeling into the holes, first on one side, then on the other, it moves along and never fails to secure its prey. Finally, with a dozen or more cars in its wake, it proceeds to the shaft or outlet and delivers its booty to the crusher.

These crabs operate by trolley conductors. They run through the main passages of the mine. Each crab is furnished with an electrically operated drum, on which are carried 200 or 300 feet of steel cable. This is hauled into the side passages or drifts by a man who couples the end to a loaded car, then gives a signal, and the crab does the rest.—George Frederick Stratton in St. Nicholas.

Ancient Gardens.

Statues were a decorative element of which the Florentine garden architect made expensive use. At first a few antique busts were placed along the parapet of the terrace or under the central loggia, but ere long Greek gods and heroes, fauns and naiads were seen at the end of every alley, while giants and caryatides were introduced to support walls and porticoes.

One great charm of renaissance gardens was the skillful manner in which nature and art were blended together. The formal design of the giardino segreto agreed with the straight lines of the house, and the walls, with their clipped hedges, led on to the wilder, freer growth of woodland and meadow, while the dense shade of the bosco supplied an effective contrast to the sunny spaces of lawn and flower bed.

The ancient practice of cutting box trees into fantastic shapes, known to the Romans as the topiary art, was largely restored in the fifteenth century and became an essential part of Italian gardens.—New York Telegram

Her Notion of Finance.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do you ever buy on a margin?"

"Never."

"Well, why don't you? It seems to me much safer to dabble around the edge and avoid getting in too deep."—Washington Star.

The Proper Tree.

Curious Charley—Do nuts grow on trees, father? Father—They do, my son. Curious Charley—Then what tree does the doughnut grow on? Father—The "pantree," my son.—Purple Cow.

Ignorance No Excuse.

Ignorance of the law excuses no man—not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead, and no man can tell how to refute him.—John Selden.

Some Wisdom Left.

"You didn't tell the barber you were in a hurry."

"No. I didn't want him to know it."—Pittsburgh Post.

Incomplete Expositions.

"Some of those old Roman triumphs must have been magnificent exhibitions."

"Yes," replied the Philadelphia citizen. "But none of them could be quite complete. Circumstances, you know, didn't permit them to borrow our Liberty bell."—Washington Star.

The True Intent.

Irate Patient (after the agony)—What do you mean by proclaiming on your sign, "Teeth extracted without pain?" Suave Dentist—Exactly what I say. I assure you the operation doesn't distress me at all. One dollar, please.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Tubular Chimes.

Tubes instead of bells for chimes came into use in England half a century ago for three reasons—they have a mellower, more musical tone; they take up much less space than bells, and they weigh much less. The subject of tubular chimes has all the interest that pertains to bells generally. In making a bell the most expert founder cannot predetermine with exactitude the tone of the bell. Generally bells and tubes have to undergo nice modifications after they are finished, and it is much easier to alter the tube delicately to get just the pitch and tone quality sought than to modify the bell. Tubular chimes used in tower clocks, organs and elsewhere are fundamentally identical with the dangling gold tubes upon which the gifted vaudeville performer plays "Home, Sweet Home."—New York Sun.

What Happened.

"What is the cause of the rumpus over there?"

"A promising young playwright held the mirror up to Nature. Nature took one look and fell in a fit."—Judge.

An Old Punishment.

David Leyes, a Scotchman, for striking his father was sentenced in 1754 to appear "bairheddit and bairfuttit" in church with an apologetic placard attached to his cranium.